[PRICE THREE CENTS.]

THE WASP.

By Robert Ruſticoat, Eſquire.

Vol. I.] *"To laſh the Raſcals naked through the world."* [No. 11.

HUDSON, NOVEMBER 25, 1802.

To Mr. ROBERT JENKINS.

BE not ſurpriſed, ſir, to ſee your name occupy the firſt line of this paper. If it gives you any uneaſineſs, you may conſole yourſelf by reflecting that it was bro't there by your own indiſcretion. If you had purſued a line of conduct in any degree conſiſtent with the character of a man holding your rank in ſociety, you never would have been placed among thoſe perſons who are deſtined to make a conſpicuous appearance in the Waſp. But, ſir, you are guilty of a ſhameful departure from the conduct of a gentleman. You have proved yourſelf capable of a piece of meanneſs, which could hardly have been expected from the vileſt democrat in Hudſon. It, therefore, is my duty to expoſe this trait of your character; and I ſincerely hope that it will be the laſt time that I ſhall have occaſion to perform ſo diſagreeable and painful a taſk.—You have repeatedly aſſerted (not as your *opinion*, but as a *fact*, the truth of which you could prove) that Mr. Sampſon was the principal editor of the Waſp—that he inſpected, corrected and prepared all the communications which appeared in it—that he examined the proof-ſheets—and that he received a ſhare of the emoluments ariſing from it.—Every branch of this aſſertion is totally falſe; and what renders it peculiarly diſgraceful to you, is, that you muſt have known it was ſo, at the time you made it. Some perſons (who were diſpoſed to place more reliance on your word than it was entitled to) have been ſilly enough to believe the vile calumny. But it ſeems almoſt incredible that a man of your extreme modeſty could have commanded impudence enough to have made ſuch an aſſertion, without exhibiting an unuſual *glow of crimſon*.

Mr. Sampſon never has, in any manner whatever, either aided, abetted, encouraged, countenanced, or ſupported the Waſp. The propoſals for it were iſſued without his knowledge or conſent. He ſpoke of it to Mr. Chittenden, in terms of diſapprobation; and declared to the ſubſcriber that he would never receive a cent of the emoluments ariſing from it. It is almoſt needleſs to ſtate, that Mr. Sampſon never wrote a ſyllable for the Waſp. He never ſaw an article in manuſcript which has appeared in it. He has never examined one of its proof-ſheets. Nor has he (as he remarks in the Balance) any more connection with the Waſp than if it were printed in the Indies.—Theſe are facts, which, I preſume, you will hardly think fit to contradict, particularly in the preſence of the ſubſcriber.

But, you may aſk, is it ſo diſgraceful to be connected in the Waſp, that ſuch pains are taken to exculpate Mr. Sampſon? I anſwer—It would be unbecoming in a man like Mr. Sampſon, to have any concern in ſuch a paper as the Waſp. It is out of his line. It is (if you may be believed) a "blackguard paper." But, bad as it is, the Bee, which you ſupport with all your influence, is on no account more reſpectable. The Waſp is leſs in *ſize* than the Bee, but it contains more original matter, and more truth.

The ſubſcriber as *publiſher*, is alone reſponſible for the contents of the Waſp. Should it, therefore, in future excite your anger, do, for your own ſake, refrain from venting your malice in unfounded tales againſt Mr. Sampſon, and level all your venom at

HARRY CROSWELL.

A LEADING Democrat in this city, obſerved, the other day, that he would as ſoon be caught with a ſtolen ſheep on his back as to be ſeen reading the Waſp. ——The ſame perſon has read every number of the Waſp ſince its commencement.——Farmers, take care of your ſheep.

FOR THE WASP.

A PLAIN Farmer, one day, in converſation with a certain democratic *bawler*, was much ſurpriſed with the frequent repetition of the words "great politician." —The farmer, though a plain man, had ſome knowledge of the world, and ſuſpecting that our democrat like many others was fond of uſing terms which he did not underſtand, aſked him what he meant by "great politician?"—Our democrat pauſed a while, then placed his arms akimbo, and, with much ſelf-complacency, replied—by "great politician" I mean the man who ſticks to his ſide, whether right or wrong, who will not deſert it though truth be againſt him, and who, to gain his ends never ſtops at trifles; that man I conſider as a "great politician." And then, retorted the farmer (if I underſtand you right) a "great politician" muſt have a little conſcience. Conſcience! quoth the democrat. He muſt ſet conſcience at defiance. It ſhows independence of mind in him who can live without conſcience. Reſolution in him who dares combat conſcience. But it is the truly great man who ſets conſcience at defiance.

It is unfortunate for us, obſerved the farmer, that our "greateſt politicians," are in the ſtate priſon.—The democrat ſaid nothing; looked wiſe and angry. But whether as wiſe as the Bird of Wiſdom or as angry as Mahomet, is a queſtion for phyſiognomiſts to determine. The form of the world, whether it was as round as an apple or flat as a pancake, gave riſe to warm diſputes among the votaries of philoſophy. And I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, that if I was to exhibit portraits of our democrats, the Bird of Wiſdom and Mahomet; each drawn with his proper gravity and petulance of look, it would occaſion no leſs animated diſputes among the diſciples of Lavater.

FOR THE WASP.

THE reſult of the late election in New-Jerſey, muſt be highly gratifying to every ſincere federaliſt. This ſtate has now thrown off the reproach caſt on her by her democratic legiſlature. The democrats unable to conceal their chagrin on this occaſion, have given full latitude to invective and abuſe. The diſhonorable arts and baſe intrigues of the federaliſts have been the themes of angry declamation. To all their declamation this ſhort anſwer may be given:—that rogues, when they are beat, will always cry *foul play*.

Under their diſappointment, the democrats have fortunately found a "loop-hole" for comfort—ſomething to ſoothe their chagrin. They bid us look at Pennſylvania and Delaware. When truth preſented her bold front to Duane, and with her thundering voice awakened conſcience from her lethargy—he ſtood aghaſt—fear trembled on his lips, and cowardice ſhuddered in his heart. Vice was diſarmed of impudence and confounded. In the agony of guilt he exclaimed, "look at my children." Our democrats, in ſituations not quite ſo deplorable, but under the pains of diſappointment exclaim "look at Pennſylvania and Delaware."—Yes, look at Pennſylvania and view a people blinded by prejudice, and hurried away by phrenzy faſt approaching to the "ultimate point of human degradation"—A people whom neither arguments can perſuade or facts convince. There is no hope of their reformation. The deluded ſinner may be brought to repentance; but not he who is hardened in wickedneſs. Let it be recorded in the annals of Delaware, that under a republican adminiſtration, the refuſe from the dungeons of Europe triumphed over the citizens of that ſtate and dictated to them their repreſentative. That Thomas Jefferſon was the firſt chief magiſtrate of this nation that interfered with her elections and attempted to corrupt their purity. It may prove an inſtructive leſſon to poſterity.

Much is to be feared from the influx of deſperate foreigners into this country under the preſent law of naturalization: but I truſt that our native citizens have ſpirit and patriotiſm enough to aſſert and vindicate

their rights. They have been deluded, but I believe the miſts of deluſion are paſſing away. New-Jerſey has ſet a noble example. The genius of our country is at preſent enveloped in clouds, truth will diſpell them—

"And put deluſion's duſky train to flight."

MORE WANDERING BEES.

ON opening the mail in Brookfield, (Maſs.) in September laſt, ſeveral of Holt's Bees were found directed to different towns but none of them were directed to ſubſcribers or to individuals.—The poſt-maſter could not tell how to diſpoſe of theſe ſtragglers. The ſelectmen of the different towns did not feel fully authorized to take them up and pay the poſtage. The democrats wanted them, but they dare not receive them, leſt they ſhould be enliſted to pay for them. At length, the Giddy-man was conſulted, who declared the papers to be *free*, and that they were ſent in this way to "facilitate the progreſs of information." —The only remaining queſtion is, who will Holt *dun* for the pay for theſe papers?

THE editor propoſes to publiſh but one more number of the Waſp previous to the 1ſt of January, after which the publication will be more frequent, and the matter more general, for in truth, the ſubject of Holt and Mitchell has become thread-bare —the firſt furniſhes nothing in the Bee that is worth notice—he is himſelf more entitled to pity than any thing elſe, and he knows it too, and wiſhes in his heart that the hollow-hearted Jacobins who invited him to Hudſon were all in the bottom of the North River, and himſelf back to New-London jail. As to Mitchell, he has been ſo completely expoſed in the Balance, that it is a waſte of paper to mention him—poor devil —he "twirled off his wig" the other night and ſwore he would drown himſelf—but his dear *innocent* ***** adviſed him to elope again, as Robert Rufficoat would never get over laughing about it if he ſhould actually commit "ſuicide ON HIMSELF," (as Hector Iron-head ſays) Ah, Mitchell would run with all his heart (but not with all his houſehold) if he could even hope to get away from his character——but, alas! *that* will always follow him like a ſhadow —his conſcience, too, *that* will be haunting his ſoul out.——Mitchell begun the world at too early an age. If he had waited a century, before he came upon the ſtage, he might have appeared perfectly conſiſtent. Or, if Godwin's principles had been in faſhion when Mitchell lived in Stratford he might have taken Political Juſtice under one arm and his ſtrumpet under the other, and thus travelled the world over, without incurring cenſure.

DEMOCRATIC HONESTY.

TWO neighbors, a few days ſince, were engaged in the faſhionable amuſement of *political diſpute*, when, one of them happened to drop a word about *democratic honeſty*.——"Democratic honeſty," exclaimed a wag, "Why it would take as many democrats to make an honeſt man, as it would of *ſnow-balls to heat an oven*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I feel greatly obliged to "Truth" for his compliments and his proffered aſſistance—but it is out of my power to profit by them at preſent.

FOR THE WASP.

INTERLUDE.—*No. I.*

POOR JUDE.

OR THE DEATH OF THE JUDICIARY.

AN AMPLIFIED PARODY OF THE CELEBRATED SONG OF COCK ROBIN.

HERE lies POOR JUDE! and how he fell,
This mournful ſong ſhall quickly tell.

Who kill'd Poor Jude?
Alas! ſuch a band
As diſgraces the land!—
Poor murder'd Jude!

Who gave the word?
'Twas I, ſays TOM GESTION,
Without further queſtion,
I gave the word.

Who knock'd him down?
'Twas I, ſays *ſtout* JOHN,
With my "Sling and Stone,"
I knock'd him down.

Who pierc'd his heart?
'Twas I, ſays GILES SMART,
With my poiſon'd dart,
I pierc'd his heart.

Who caught his blood?
'Twas I, ſays BEAU DAWSON,
In my little baſon,
I caught his blood.

Who ſaw him die?
'Twas I, ſays the BIRD
For his WISDOM preferr'd,
I ſeen him die.

Who ſpurn'd the corſe?
'Twas I, ſays PROUD SAM,
Who AM THAT I AM,
I ſpurn'd the corſe.

Who ſpit in his face?
'Twas I, ſays MAHOMET,
Tho' the ſpeaker—G—d d—n it!—
Does he think me an aſs?

Who "brake his legs?"
'Twas I, ſays FRIAR BACON,
If I'm not miſtaken,
I "brake his legs."

Who gave the ſhroud?
'Twas I, ſays Jo NICK,
Tho' the worſt I could pick,
I gave the ſhroud.

Who dug the grave?
'Twas I, ſays MATT CLAY,
As 'twas all in my way,
I dug the grave.

Who toll'd the bell?
'Twas I, ſays SIR NED,
With the *tongue* in my head,
I toll'd the bell.

Who danc'd at the grave?
Alas! ſuch a throng
As would damn any ſong,
Danc'd at the grave.

Such were the hands by which he fell!—
And ſo, POOR JUDE, farewell!—farewell!

FOR THE WASP.

SONNET.—*No. III.*

TO THE PRESIDENT.

PRINCE of the lofty, heav'n-aſcending thought!
Of mammoth genius, mammoth ſoul—all hail!
The muſe at thy ſublimities turns pale—
How ſhall ſhe pay her *homage* as ſhe ought?
Yet ever mid the ſpheres we view thee not—
Philoſophy may ſup on cakes and ale,
Tho' din'd on earthquakes, deluges, and whale:
Now in a planet lodge, and now a cot.—
What ſpirit, clogg'd with ſublunary clay,
Can mount eternal on ærial wing,
In ſcience' bright *arcana* wrapp'd ſublime?
Her tribute poor mortality muſt pay—
And lo, ye Gods! the mighty "PEOPLE'S KING"
HOLDING THE LAMP TO VILLANY AND CRIME!

PRINTED AT THE BALANCE-OFFICE,
BY HARRY CROSWELL,
FOR THE EDITOR